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## SOMETHING ON A DELICATE SUBJECT.

A GREAT deal has been sung and said by various writers upon the marriage-ceremonies of different nations; and very interesting and amusing, too, are some of the minor details of events which take place among semi-civilised peoples upon the important occasion of the solemnisation of that bond of union between the sexes which lays the foundation of a new household. But we are not aware that any very practical, and therefore reliable, writer, has ever favoured the world with the means of arriving at a distinct idea of the process by which that perfect agreement is established between the parties most interested, which, in a country like our own at least, must be established by some means or other before the marriage takes place. We never hear the bans 'put up,' as it is called, in the parish church, or listen to the merry peal of the marriage-morning bells, without wondering, in our secret heart, how the delicate but tremendously decisive contract between bachelor and spinster was definitively settled before such demonstrations were thought of. We know, of course, that the writers of romances and love-stories of all descriptions, settle the business easily enough; but theirs is nothing better than a sort of guess-work, when it is not something worse—a mere stereotyped formula established for the general convenience of scribblers. Everybody knows how Coleridge's minstrel won his Genevieve, and how Longfellow's hero in *Hyperion* endeavoured to achieve similar success by similar means, and yet made a lamentable failure of it. But the world is not peopled exclusively by poets and poetesses; and therefore the method of 'popping the question' covertly, recommended by the authors above named, however excellent in its proper place, can have accomplished but little towards filling the parish-register. Honest John Dumble and Polly Gubbs, who signed the conjugal record with his and her X, we may be sure, did not go such a roundabout way in order to bring the affair to a crisis; and we question whether, among what are called the respectable classes, that species of poetical circumlocution is much more in vogue. The whole business, however, lies involved in mystery, which we, being only a bachelor—and that neither of arts nor of hearts—must confess our inability to fathom: still, we can do something towards the general enlightenment by the report of one or two individual cases not to be found in the books, but which have come within our own knowledge, and which may serve to shew how the affair is really managed among certain plain folks with plain understandings, who, having a difficulty to surmount, bring to the task such courage as they may chance to possess.

Gideon Robin was a farm-labourer in a west country-town of small note, where the labours of the inhabitants were divided between the cultivation of the land and the weaving of a particular kind of cloth for the London markets. Gideon could either plough a field, reap a crop of corn, shear a sheep, or weave cloth at the loom, and, besides all this, bore an excellent character for industry and sobriety. He was the man of fewest words in the whole parish, and indeed opened his mouth so seldom, that, had all his utterances been reported *verbatim* by a penny-a-liner, and paid for at the established rate, it is very certain they would not have provided that worthy with shoe-leather. The man was not merely modest, but bashful beyond all recorded precedent—shrinking from the sound of his own voice, as though it were something oppressively terrible. Dumb Gideon, however, as he was called, was not proof against the shafts of Cupid, and, as fate would have it, fell in love with the only daughter of Tom Spinner. The girl was a plump, well-favoured lass, who wrought in her father's fields and dairy by day, and wove at a loom in the evenings, and, like Gideon himself, had a talent, though by no means so striking a one, for taciturnity. Gideon betrayed his first rising regard for the damsel by silently but suddenly seizing her pail of milk as it stood frothing with Brindle's creamy treasure, and lugging it off, together with the milking-stool, to her father's cottage. As this freedom was not resented, he redoubled his attentions, and was ever at hand when his strong arm could be of service to the maiden. Dame Spinner, having a respect for the young man's character, invited him on one occasion into the house, and from that time forth Gideon spent his evenings in the cottage, and took his seat in the ingle-nook, where he remained for hours, as dumb and almost as motionless as the fitch of bacon which dangled above his head—rarely finding courage to speak ten words, and sometimes not speaking at all during the whole evening. He sat feasting his eyes upon Polly as she plied the shuttle, and his part was to attend to the wants of the fire as it crackled on the hearth in front of him. On Sundays and holidays he was seen at the side of his beloved, exhibiting at all times evidences of the truest devotion. Still, he never spoke word, either to her or her parents, on the subject nearest his heart. This silent homage went on for two years. In the estimation of all the neighbourhood, the pair were booked for man and wife; and as there was no impediment to their union, people wondered why it had not come off long ago.

Whether any kind and considerate soul gave Gideon a hint to take courage and speak up, we cannot pretend to say, but it is certain that at length he

found resolution to pop the question. The grand event took place in the following way—and as we were indebted for the account of it to the mother of the bride, we cannot be mistaken on the subject:—Gideon came into the cottage on Christmas-eve, a little flustered from drinking, at his master's house, a merry Christmas to the whole family. Dame Spinner saw an unusually manful expression on his countenance, and half expected what was going to happen. Father, mother, and daughter were assembled round the fire, having laid aside their work to enjoy a few hours' holiday over a cup of elder-wine. Gideon took his seat in the chimney-corner, and sat quietly for a few minutes with a significant smile upon his countenance; then he rose suddenly to his full height, and with his head half-way up the chimney, little more than his corduroy continuations being visible to the company, delivered himself deliberately of the following mysterious declaration:—'If somebody loved somebody as well as somebody loves somebody, somebody would have somebody.' It is most probable that a declaration of love was never made in such a form before. Gideon remained as mute as a statue, his head concealed in the chimney, for some minutes after the prodigious effort he had made. When at length, in compliance with the request of the damsel's mother, he brought his broad face into the light, it was the colour of a live coal, and was turned in any direction but towards her who was the cause of his confusion. But the ice was broken; the necessary preliminaries were soon after settled; and on the ensuing Easter Sunday the marriage-knot was tied which made Gideon Robin and Polly Spinner one flesh. Neither of them, so far as we have heard, ever regretted the step; and it is our firm conviction that, if Gideon could be prevailed upon to utter so many words, which is not at all likely, he would declare it was the best job he ever did in his life.

We were once intimate with a gentleman, who, after fifteen years of active and ceaseless exertions in business, having realised a competent fortune, built himself a house on a delightful site overlooking an arm of the sea, and sat down to enjoy the fruits of his labour. Though surrounded with books and works of art, and the finest scenery, he yet found something wanting. A friend suggested that his mansion could not be complete without a mistress.

'You mean a wife?' said he. 'I never thought of that. I'll see about it.' The next day he set off for Manchester, and upon his arrival knocked at the door of a merchant with whom he had often done business. He was shown into the library.

'Master is not at home,' said the footman; 'but he will return to dinner.'

'I do not want your master,' said our friend; 'be so good as to send the housekeeper to me.' The young woman obeyed the summons in a few moments.

'Mary,' said he, 'they tell me I want a wife, and I think I do. You are the only woman I know of that I should like to have. I have known you a good many years, and you know me well enough; and if you have no objection, we'll be married to-morrow. What do you say?' Mary might have suspected another man acting thus to be out of his mind, but knowing the habits of the speaker, she merely replied that she would prefer having some time to think the matter over.

'I'll give you a week,' said he; 'by that time you must make up your mind, as I want the affair settled, now I have taken it in hand. Be a good girl, and consent, and I'll make you a good husband.' On that day-week, he took her with him back to his new house as his wife, and never from that day to this found cause to repent of his choice, which perhaps was not so unpremeditated as, from the suddenness of the event, we might suppose.

Among civilised nations, it is almost the universal

rule, that all advances towards matrimony are to be made solely by the male. It would be thought a violation of modesty for the lady in any case—unless, perhaps, she were a royal personage—to manifest any evidence of partiality towards a gentleman who had not first given decided tokens of his admiration. There is no very philosophical ground for this rigid rule that we are aware of, either in nature or reason; and we are not justified in condemning those who choose to break through it—it being a custom perfectly conventional, and really of no moral importance whatever. Among the natives of Paraguay, such a one-sided reciprocity is utterly unknown. There both male and female are at liberty to declare their preference for one another, without either of them incurring the slightest obloquy. All a natural modesty requires, is the occasional intervention of a third party, who shall act for the lady the part which a gentleman is supposed to be courageous enough to enact for himself. When a lass of Paraguay is smitten with the charms of a young Indian warrior, she applies to an elder of her tribe, or to the missionary of the station, to procure on her behalf his consent to the match. If her proposition is accepted, all is well, and the pair are married. If, on the other hand, it is declined, it becomes the office of the unsuccessful mediator to reconcile her to the disappointment, which is accomplished generally with no great difficulty, there having been no pining in secret, no wire-drawing dallying circumlocutions, no painful suspense in the transaction of the business.

If, among ourselves, ladies are sometimes known to take the initiative, we see no great reason for prudish exclamations, or any severe judgment upon their conduct. The proof of a pudding, they say, is in the eating; and the best proof of the wisdom or propriety of any step is to be looked for in its results. Owing to the rigid adherence, in this country, to the custom above alluded to, we never personally knew but one instance of a matrimonial match proposed by the lady-partner; but that one turned out well.\* It happened as follows:—A young artist, who painted tolerable landscapes, at which he wrought dismally hard for the benefit of the dealers, lodged in the second floor of a tradesman's house, in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street. He had a hard struggle to maintain a respectable appearance, and to save enough to enable him to make the annual summer sketching-trip, which was indispensable to furnish him with subjects for his easel. His landlord, who had a thriving business, drank himself into delirium tremens, and died at the age of thirty-five, leaving a young widow, without incumbrances, in possession of the concern. From causes we need not specify, the artist, a year after, fell into difficulties and debt, and of course into arrears with his rent. Hopeless at length of extricating himself, and resolving to retrench, he sent for his landlady, and laid frankly before her the sad case of his exchequer, offering either to quit, or to remove to less expensive quarters in the attic above, and concluded by asking her advice. The advice she gave him there and then was, that he should take her to church, and wipe out the debt at the altar. We know nothing of the precise terms in which the advice was conveyed, but that was the sense of it, and in another moment the astonished artist was left alone to revolve the matter in his mind. The result has been already suggested. The wedding came off in a month. The business was advantageously sold; and with the means at command of procuring valuable instruction, and of completing his studies by travel, the artist, in a few years took high rank in his profession, and has since realised both independence and reputation.

Although the above is the only instance of a match of the kind we can personally vouch for, we can yet record

\* See on this subject an article in this Journal, No. 117, new series, entitled *The Ladies' Initiative*.

another upon the responsibility of a friend, who guarantees its truth. A young Norfolk farmer, on beginning life with a limited capital, found that two things were wanting to do justice to the large farm which he rented on a long lease—namely, a wife to rule the house at home, and an additional thousand pounds to invest upon the land. Like a sagacious man, he conceived that the two might be found combined, and he began to look about for a cheerful lass with a dowry to the desiderated amount. Accident threw him one day into company with the parson of a neighbouring parish, with whom, as he rode home while returning from market, he fell into conversation. Encouraged by the divine, the youth unburdened himself of his cares and his plans, and mentioned the design he had formed of marrying as soon as he could find an agreeable lass with a moderate dowry.

'I'll tell you what,' said the parson—'I've got three daughters, and very nice girls they are, I assure you. Suppose you come and dine with me next market-day: you will meet them at the table; and if any one of them should prove the "inevitable she" you are in search of, I shall not be backward to do my part as far as I can.'

'Agreed,' said the youth. 'I'll come, as sure as you're alive, if you'll say nothing about it to the young ladies.'

'That shall be a bargain. On Saturday next, then, we shall see you at dinner, at five.' And here, their roads diverging, the gentlemen separated.

At the appointed hour on the following Saturday, the young farmer, in handsome trim, descended from his Galloway at the parson's door. Dinner was served a few minutes after, and the young ladies, with their mother, graced the table with their presence. All three fully justified the encomiums of the father; but the youngest, a rosy-faced, roguish, cheerful lass, just escaped from her teens, alone made a vivid impression upon the young farmer. The repast progressed agreeably enough; and when it was ended, the ladies withdrew, leaving the gentlemen to chat over their wine.

'Well,' said the host, 'what do you think of my girls?'

'I think them all charming,' said the youth; 'but the youngest—you call her Nelly—is really most bewitching, and clever too; and if I am to have the honour of being allied to you, you must give me her.'

'That is against all rule,' returned the host, 'to take the youngest first; but of course I cannot control your choice. What dowry do you expect?'

'My capital,' said the wooer, 'is three thousand pounds, and I want a thousand more—and I must have it.'

'I will give you a thousand with the eldest girl.'

'No: the charming Nelly and the thousand, or I am off.'

'That cannot be: five hundred with Nelly, if you like. The others are not half so handsome, and must have a fortune, or I shall never get them off.'

'No; my resolution is fixed,' said the youth, 'and I shall not alter it.'

'Nor I mine,' said the parson, 'and the affair is at an end: but we will be good friends notwithstanding.'

The conversation, which each speaker supposed to be strictly private, now fell into another channel. The ladies returned with the tea-urn, and chatted unreservedly with the farmer. Evening came on, and towards sunset, the girls having strolled into the garden, the youth rose to take his leave. He found his nag in the stable, and having bade farewell to his host, took his way through the shrubbery that led into the road. He was about alighting to open the gate, when the rosy-faced Nelly darted forward to save him the trouble. As she lifted the latch, she looked archly up into his face and said: 'Can't you take my father's money?'

'Yes, by Jove, I will, if you wish it!'

'Then come over to church to-morrow morning, and tell him so after service;' and the speaker vanished like an elfin sprite among the greenery.

Musing on the proverb which says, 'walls have ears,' the young farmer rode slowly home. He did not fail—how could he?—of attending at the church next morning, and after sermon declared to the parson his altered resolution. He married the fair Nelly three months afterwards; and she brought him in due course of years a row of goodly sons, than whom there are few at the present hour wiser in their generation, or more worthy, or more wealthy, in the whole of broad England.

### WHAT IS A REVOLVER?

QUIET peaceful folks, who neither wish to shoot nor to be shot at, hear and read about revolvers, and wonder what it can all mean. A revolver, so far as they can judge, seems to be a killing-machine; but whether it revolves like a catherine-wheel, or like a top, or like a satellite round a planet, they cannot guess; nor does it appear to them why the revolving faculty should increase the killing power. They hear, too, of Minie rifles and of needle-guns, and they wonder whether these also revolve. Be it for us to throw a few gleams of light on this matter.

A gun, or musket, or rifle, or fowlingpiece, as now made, is an advanced stage of a kind of firearms which has gone through many modifications. Arquebuses, haquebuts, hand-cannon, hand-guns, calivers, carabines, fusils, musketoons, petronels, firelocks—all were guns held in the hand while they were discharged, the mode of ignition being the chief source of difference. The matchlock was an arrangement of touch-hole, whereby the gun could be fired by applying a match; the wheel-lock was a complicated piece of apparatus, in which a revolving steel wheel produced sparks by striking against a piece of pyrites or sulphuret of iron; but the flint-lock, invented in the time of Queen Elizabeth, produced a spark by one blow of a piece of flint against a piece of steel. A much greater advance was made when percussion-caps were introduced, consequent on the discovery of a detonating substance which ignites when simply struck. The detonating mixture is put into a little copper cell or cap, which is adjusted over the touch-hole, and so arranged in the other part of the lock, that a smart blow breaks the cap and causes the contents to explode, igniting at the same time the gunpowder in the barrel.

Thus, then, the firing of guns has, in different ages, been effected by a match, by a revolving wheel, by a steel and flint, and by a percussion-cap. The loading, too, has undergone changes; for while some kinds of hand-guns are loaded at the muzzle, others receive their charge at the breech, near the stock or handle. The length of the barrel is another matter which varies considerably; the barrel of greater diameter will carry a larger shot, but the barrel of greater length will send it to a greater distance. The interior of the barrel, again, is a subject of attention; for while common muskets have a smooth bore, rifles have the bore grooved spirally, so as to give a kind of spinning motion to the bullet, calculated to aid the straightness of its flight. The bullet itself is also subject to modification; for while the general form is spherical, there are many other forms occasionally introduced.

Now, our quiet peaceful reader may perchance be content to know, that most of the modern improvements in respect to revolvers, Minie rifles, needle-guns, and so forth, relate to one or other of these five matters: the mode of igniting the powder—the mode of loading the gun—the length and diameter of the barrel—the rifling of the bore—and the shape of the bullet. We think that if, instead of confining our brief description to revolving pistols, we also say a few words concerning



the new muskets and rifles, we may increase the intelligibility of the matter by causing each portion to throw a little light on the others. We now, therefore, summon the Minié rifle into court.

Captain Minié, a French officer, has invented a form of bullet which enables it to reach to a much greater distance than an ordinary spherical ball or bullet. It is of lead, cylindro-conical in shape, the conical end being placed forward in the gun. The hinder or cylindrical portion is made hollow; and into this hollow a plug of iron is thrust. When the gun is fired, the iron is driven violently like a wedge into the hollow, and drives the lead outwardly until it very tightly fills the rifle grooves in the barrel; this close contact insures a straighter course and greater range to the bullet, than if there were any 'windage' or space between the bullet and the barrel. A body of French riflemen, called the *Tirailleurs de Vincennes*, are provided with these Minié bullets, and with rifles invented by M. Delvigne, in which many improvements have been introduced. This rifle will shoot further than an ordinary rifle in respect to the barrel itself; while the Minié bullet will fly further than a spherical bullet, so that the two improvements together become rather formidable. It has been said that this rifle will hit a mark 600 yards distant with as much accuracy as a common British musket can at 300 yards; and that, with the Minié bullet, a distance of 1100 yards can be attained with nearly as much precision; nay, it is even asserted that Captain Minié will undertake to hit a man at the distance of 1420 yards, three times out of five shots—a distance, be it remarked, of more than three-quarters of a mile.

The new Prussian musket, or *zündnadelgewehr* (needle-igniting gun), or needle-gun, depends on a peculiar mode of firing. There is a sharp steel needle, acted on by a spring, so as to dart forward when the trigger is pulled; it pierces the paper of the cartridge, and ignites the charge by striking the priming. With this musket or rifle is used a particular kind of bullet, conical at the point, cylindrical in the middle, and round in the rear—a form which gives it much more straightness, of course, than a spherical bullet can command.

No one but a military man can conceive how eagerly and warmly the respective merits of the various muskets and rifles are now canvassed. English and French, German and Belgian, Danish and Swedish officers are discussing the matter; while gunsmiths are exercising their ingenuity in devising new modes of producing the desired results. And in addition to the variations in the modes of rifling the bore, igniting the charge, and shaping the bullet, there are tough contests respecting the superiority of loading at the muzzle and loading at the breech—two modes which require very different arrangements near the lock of the gun.

But what of the *revolvers*? We are now in a condition to understand these, and to do honour to the redoubtable Colonel Colt. A revolver may be either a pistol or a gun, for the principle is applicable to either; but it is usually a pistol. Its merit is, that it may be fired many times in succession with great rapidity; and its name is due to the circumstance, that the effect is produced by the revolving of a particular part of the apparatus. From a very early period in the history of firearms, fighting-men have wished to find out some mode of firing two or more shots in succession, without waiting to reload after each firing. Some of the old matchlock and wheel-lock guns had as many as eight chambers each, to receive eight charges, and apparatus for firing all the eight in succession; but in these, as in later inventions, there was a constant tendency in two or more of the charges to ignite at once, from imperfection in the adjustment—thus rendering the weapon as formidable to the user as to the object fired at. Colonel Colt, living in the United States, recognised

the peculiar want of efficient arms in a country whose inhabitants were constantly moving onward towards new settlements, where the pioneers were required to protect themselves and families by their personal prowess, frequently against fearful inequality of numbers, from the attacks of the aboriginal Indians: the mode of warfare adopted by these Indians could only be coped with by rapid and repeated firing; and thus the colonel was led to try his skill in the production of a kind of gun or pistol which could be fired rapidly many times in succession. He was but partially acquainted with what had been done in Europe, and he spent much time in trying plans and contrivances which had already been found in the Old World to be valueless. At length he produced the revolving pistol which now bears his name, and which has a great reputation for the quickness and safety with which many shots may be fired in succession.

To describe the detailed mechanism of a Colt's revolver, would be difficult to the writer and tedious to the reader; but the general principle can easily be understood. In a double-barrelled, or a four-barrelled, or a six-barrelled pistol, there are two, four, or six barrels, each bullet having a barrel to itself; but in the revolver there is only one barrel, through which all the bullets pass in rapid succession. There is a revolving cylinder, with six chambers or receptacles, each of which is brought by the revolution successively in a right line with the barrel. The rotating of the cylinder is effected by a self-acting lever, to which motion is given by the act of drawing back the trigger. Each little chamber is separately loaded with its quota of powder and ball; and when all are loaded, and the percussion-caps applied, the weapon is ready for firing. Each chamber, when its charge is fired, being in a right line with the barrel, the bullet passes through the latter as in an ordinary pistol; and the cylinder then traverses one-sixth of a circle, to attain the requisite position for the firing of another chamber.

To a professional man, everything is beautiful which shews skill and efficiency in his own particular profession; and thus a murderous weapon is beautiful to a soldier in proportion to the execution it will commit. The United States' military officers seem to be quite in ecstasies about Colt's revolver. In September 1850, the Senate passed a resolution, requesting the secretary at war to obtain the opinion of officers in the army concerning this weapon; the secretary appointed a committee to manage the affair; and this committee published a report of their proceedings. It appears that there are four kinds of revolving pistols in America, by four different inventors, but nearly all the officers award the palm of superiority to Colt's. It was about the year 1840 that Colonel Colt surmounted the difficulties of his task, and produced an efficient weapon; and soon afterwards it gradually came into use in the United States' army—first by the Mexican ranger troops, and then by the mounted riflemen. One officer, who reported his opinion to the committee—Colonel Morgan—fights the battle of Waterloo over again in imagination; for he says:—'In the field of Waterloo, we have a case directly in point. The French cavalry charged the English squares, again and again, without effect; and finally became so desperate, that they sought to back their horses through the English formation. Let us suppose the cavalry to have been armed with Colt's revolvers; that after having drawn the fire of the squares, they had borne down upon them, and, with the rapidity of thought, poured into their faces six well-directed volleys. I will not say that such would have been the result, but there is a strong probability that the squares must have melted away before such a storm of balls.' Whether English officers would endorse this theory, we cannot say. Major Howard and Captain Sutton give a brief but graphic notice of the hand-to-hand conflicts which frequently take place on the

Texan frontier with the prairie Indians, and the value of a six-shot revolver at such a time:—Those prairie tribes ride with boldness and wonderful skill, and are perhaps unsurpassed as irregular cavalry. They are so dexterous in the use of the bow, that a single Indian, at full speed, is capable of keeping an arrow constantly in the air between himself and the enemy. Therefore, to encounter such an expert antagonist, with any certainty of doing execution, requires an impetuous charge, skilful horsemanship, and a rapid discharge of shots, such as can only be delivered with Colt's six-shooters. They are the only weapon which has enabled the experienced frontiers-man to defeat the mounted Indian in his own peculiar mode of warfare: in those encounters which, though soon over, require a steady nerve, the greatest possible precision and celerity of movement, there is no time to reload firearms, even were it possible to do so, and manage your horse, in the midst of a quick and wily enemy, ever on the watch and ready to lance the first man who may lose the least control of his animal.'

Colonel Colt is not only a pistol inventor, but a pistol manufacturer also; and a manufacturer, it may be added, on a remarkably scientific and comprehensive system. The Americans carry out the factory system, the well-planned division of labour, to a greater extent than we do. They have not more hands than are requisite to do the work which is to be done; and they have not before their minds that fear of strikes, and grumblings and discontent, which frequently deter inventors from introducing new machines in England. Among us, guns and pistols are handwork, made in pieces by artisans who use the hammer and file, and other hand-tools; but in the United States the art is regarded as a kind of engineering, in which steam-power and beautiful machines are employed. Brother Jonathan is just now beginning to teach us how to make locks by machinery; and he has already begun to shew that pistols can be made by similar means; for Colonel Colt has now taken his rank among English manufacturers.

In America, colonels and majors are very plentiful, and are produced, from various grades of life, more quickly and easily than in England. We are not familiar with the military career of Colonel Colt; but it will suffice to say, that he established a revolving pistol-manufacture at Patterson, at an expense, it is said, of £30,000. After that, he removed it to Hartford, in Connecticut, where his chief establishment still exists; it has the reputation of being the largest private manufactory of firearms in the world, producing 300 revolving pistols daily. When the Great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park in 1851, Colonel Colt sent over some of his revolvers, which at once attracted the notice of military men; for although our shooters had before known something of revolvers, and our farmers of reaping-machines, the Americans had unquestionably the merit of establishing such inventions at once on a firm basis. After the Exhibition was over, Colonel Colt obtained possession of a building near Vauxhall Bridge, wherein to establish an English manufactory of revolvers; and in fifteen or eighteen months, this establishment has been brought to a degree of completeness almost rivaling that of our Whitworths and Fairbairns.

The building is about 250 feet long, with three stories or floors, filled with beautiful machines. The machines and the operatives employed are mostly American. There are said to be nearly 200 separate operations in making these pistols, and almost every operation is performed by machines of exquisite construction. The ground-floor is nearly occupied by machines and tools needed in making other machines and tools; for there are renewals of some of the tools required almost every day. The upper floors are occupied by the machines actually employed in the making of the weapons.

Although there are 150 machines altogether, a steam-engine of moderate power suffices to work them all; for the operations require delicacy rather than power. The forging, tapping, shaping, slotting, drilling, planing, boring, rifling, and even engraving of the revolvers, are all effected by machinery. It is considered that, in each revolver produced, ten per cent. of the value is for skilled labour, ten per cent. for the labour of women and children in attending the almost automatic machines, and nearly eighty per cent. for the machines themselves and steam-power. Every piece is made so exactly like all others of the same name and purpose, that there is no fling away or adjusting when the weapon is put together: the most mathematical exactness distinguishes every part. Like as the compositor has a box of As, a box of Bs, and so forth, and knows that all in one box are exactly alike, so does Colonel Colt, or his manager, Mr Stickney, provide a box of lock-frames, a box of breech-arbois, a box of levers, a box of hammers, &c., and knows that any one in a box will answer his purpose as well as any other—a certainty which can never be attained by hand-labour. The pistols are made better by this rigid system, they are made more rapidly, and there is a remarkable facility for repairing them when any of the component parts become injured. It has been found that seventy or eighty per cent. of pistols injured in action can be renovated by this facility of renewing particular parts. There are five different sizes of revolvers made, in which all the component parts vary in the same ratio as the complete weapon. The largest, a holster-pistol, can shoot to the enormous distance of 1200 yards. In short, the true principle of machinery is here rendered available: the production of a large number of pieces all precisely alike, so that any one will render exactly the same kind of service as any of the others.

This, then, is the warlike, much-talked-of revolver. There are revolvers patented and made by English gunsmiths also, and there are controversies concerning the relative merits of the different inventions; but these matters of detail we need not touch upon. All we have attempted is, to explain simply how a revolver differs from an ordinary pistol, a Minié bullet from an ordinary bullet, a rifle from a musket, and a Prussian *zündnadel* from a percussion-cap.

#### THE GODSON.

ONE evening, in the year 1649, M. Roullard, a jeweller in Paris, and one of the heads of the trade, was seated at the back of his shop reading, with seemingly great attention, a paper magnificently embossed and ornamented. At a short distance from him sat Jane, his niece, a pretty dark-haired girl of eighteen, whose eyes continually wandered from the knitting in her fingers to the glass-doors of the shop. At last, M. Roullard carefully folded his paper, and a beaming smile of satisfaction illuminated his visage.

'It is perfect,' said he to his niece in an under-tone. 'My lord cardinal must grant my request.'

'How anxious you seem, uncle, to be called court-jeweller,' replied Jane, her thoughts evidently elsewhere; her eyes, at all events, were directed to the street.

'Anxious to be called court-jeweller?' cried Roullard; 'of course I am. Why, if I can only manage it, my fortune is made!'

'I always thought you very rich, uncle.'

'Well, if I am, one can never be rich enough,' said Roullard in a solemn voice. 'Besides, you don't consider the honour of belonging to the court.'

'That is the great objection,' murmured the young girl hesitatingly. 'I fear you may find the title embarrassing.'

'But why?'

'Because you have hitherto had all the custom of the prince's party.'

'Well?'

'And you have been in the habit of listening to so much against the cardinal; and, indeed, have not hesitated yourself?'

'Hush!' interrupted the jeweller, imposing silence with both his hands. 'You must never speak of that again. I certainly have been guilty of a few jokes about his eminence: I was very wrong; but, as I confess my sins, I hope to be forgiven.'

'That's true, to be sure; but, then, your workmen and assistants have acquired the same habit.'

'Well, then, they must change,' replied he with great decision. 'I don't in the least intend to be compromised by my workmen. When I spoke ill of the cardinal, I really did not understand him; besides, Monsieur Vantar was living then, and there was no chance of getting his place; but now all that is changed. I heard of his death only yesterday, as I was returning from taking Julien to the St Germain diligence. By the way, has he returned yet?'

'No, uncle,' said Jane, who again looked towards the quay. 'I can't think what keeps him. I feel quite uncomfortable.'

Rouillard fixed his eyes steadily on his niece, then speaking in a discontented voice: 'You easily feel uncomfortable about anything concerning Julien Noiraud. I suppose you are still thinking of marrying him?'

'It was my mother's last wish,' replied Jane in tones of trembling emotion.

'Ah, that's all very well; but I have quite different views on the subject. As I can give you a good fortune, you must be the wife of a rich man; and your Monsieur Noiraud is not worth a hundred crowns.'

'He may, perhaps, be able to make his way, and become wealthy.'

'Yes; but only by some especial miracle,' continued her uncle ironically. 'No doubt, he expects that Italian adventurer to turn up and do wonders for him, because he lodged with his mother and stood god-father to him at his baptism. Was not Giuliano his name?'

'Now, really, uncle, you know Julien only talks of that as a joke.'

'Precisely; and, therefore, as his hopes of advancement are in no way brilliant, I positively refuse my consent to his becoming my nephew; and I beg that for the future you will be less attentive to him. I don't wish to tell him at once, but you must help me to make him understand his position by degrees; besides, if I am made court-jeweller, such a marriage, you must yourself see, would be out of the question. In point of fact, you must then marry some gentleman.'

M. Rouillard was interrupted by the arrival of some customers. These were no other than the great financiers Jean Dubois, M. Colbert, and the Commander de Souvré—all three partisans of the cardinal, and quite unaccustomed to deal with M. Rouillard. They had, however, heard of some curious workmanship in gold at his shop, and had called to look at it. The fat jeweller overwhelmed them with attention, upset his shop from one end to the other to find things worthy of their notice, and carefully mixed up in his conversation protestations of reverence and attachment to the cardinal and his friends. M. Rouillard had no fixed opinions; his conscience was of the weathercock species, and always changed with the wind of public opinion; it was only really steady when occupied with anything likely to prove of advantage to himself. This having been the case all his life, and possessing some talent in his profession, he had at last attained a certain standing in it. He had just put on one side several articles of jewellery for M. Colbert, at considerably reduced prices, in consideration of that gentleman's devotion to the cardinal, and had just commenced a fresh panegyric on the virtues of his eminence, when the door opened, and

a young man of about five-and-twenty, marked with small-pox, but still good-tempered and bright-looking, entered the shop. The new-comer jerked a parcel on to the counter with anything but gentleness. 'Good-morning, governor,' said he, after having bowed to the three gentlemen; 'I hope my absence did not perplex you. I could not return last night: Monsieur de Nogent kept me to repair something for him'—

'Oh, oh, you come from the count,' interrupted Colbert. 'How did you leave him?'

'Marvellously well, sir.'

'Then,' said the former, 'he must have been engrossed in composing some wickedness against the cardinal.'

'Of course he has,' cried Julien laughing: 'he sang me twenty verses of a lampoon he had just written'—

'How durst he?' interrupted Rouillard, looking horribly scandalised.

'Why not?' answered Julien: 'he was even good enough to teach me some of them. Let me think—what was the air? wait a little.'

M. Rouillard coughed, rolled his eyes, made all sorts of signs to Julien, but they were totally incomprehensible to the young man. He had been in the habit of hearing all sorts of fun and wickedness talked of the cardinal, and could not in the least conceive so sudden a change; so, after thinking a moment, he began to sing.

'Julien,' shouted Rouillard, trembling with fear.

'Let him go on,' interrupted the commander, who, though a partisan of the cardinal's, thoroughly enjoyed the joke. 'I delight in doggerel verses, and have a whole collection of Mazarenades at home.'

'Why, that's like the governor,' said Noiraud. 'Monsieur de Longueville's valet sends him all he can get hold of.'

The jeweller stammered a reply, but shouts of laughter completely drowned what he said. When it somewhat moderated, he impatiently asked Julien what he did standing there, and if he expected his day's work was over.

The foreman, perfectly ignorant of the change that taken place, replied without hesitation: 'I only wished to give you pleasure.'

'Why, then, did you not leave that parcel, as I directed, with the Marquis d'Arveau?'

'I did,' said Julien.

'Then what does that parcel contain?' continued the jeweller, pointing to the one on the counter.

Julien could not help smiling. 'That, governor, contains a collection of lampoons that were given me by Monsieur de Nogent.'

'Lampoons against the cardinal, I'll lay a wager!' said the commander.

'Exactly: all just arrived from Holland.'

'And were they to add to Monsieur Rouillard's collection?'

'Why, you see, I thought the governor would feel pleased.'

Once more the three gentlemen made the shop ring with laughter; and this time the anger of Rouillard knew no bounds. 'It is a falsehood!' shouted he.

'A falsehood!' repeated Julien, trembling with indignation. 'Only ask the workmen.'

'Will you hold your tongue?' vociferated Rouillard.

'I don't want to talk; but I won't be called a liar.'

'But you are a liar; and to prove it, I order you to quit my house this instant.'

'Me?'

'Leave the shop at once, I insist. No one shall work here who speaks disrespectfully of the cardinal. I am his most faithful subject. I would lay down my fortune—nay, my life for him. Long live Cardinal Mazarin!' Rouillard had completely lost all mastery over himself; he rushed to the door, and shewed Julien the street.

The poor young man now stood petrified with



astonishment, then tried to appease his master, but in vain. At last he, too, lost patience.—'I'm off, then, for I see you are quite mad.'

'Here is what I owe you,' said Roullard, taking money from a drawer.

'I'll make you a present of it,' said Julien, as he put on his hat.

'Take it, I tell you, and never return.'

'Return!' cried the young man, 'after having been called a liar, and ordered off the premises? No, no; one must have but a poor heart to do that. You shall never complain of seeing me again.'

'That's just what I wish.'

'And your wish will be gratified. I am not one day devoted to the prince, and the next to the cardinal.'

'Have you finished?'

'Yes, quite; but as you don't wish to continue your collection, I'll take possession of my lampoons.' Roullard shook his fist in the young man's face; but Julien disdainfully shrugged his shoulders, took up his parcel, and strode into the street.

At first he walked on in a rage, scarcely knowing where—thinking of nothing but the injustice and folly of his master; but, insensibly, rage gave way to sadness. He did not care for losing his place—there were plenty of other jewellers in Paris, who would gladly employ him; but, then, Roullard was Jane's uncle, and there was now no hope of his consenting to their marriage. What was to be done? His heart died within him, for the trial was indeed a sore one. Occupied with these thoughts, he had walked through the Tuileries, and gained the then solitary banks of the Seine. Here he sat down; and his eyes falling on his parcel, he was inclined to throw it from him in disgust. 'Cursed cardinal,' thought he, 'you are the cause of all. Had it not been for you, I should not have left Monsieur Roullard; I should have established myself in his confidence, become his head-man, and no doubt shortly have gained his consent to marry Made-moiselle Jane.' During these thoughts, he mechanically opened the packet, and was looking over the contents. One pamphlet, called *Satirical Biography of Cardinal Mazarin*, met his eye, and on the first page he found the following paragraph: 'Before taking holy orders, his lordship the cardinal wore a sword. He commanded a company in 1625, and was intrusted by the pope's generals, Conti and Bagni, with a private mission to the Marquis de Cœuvres. His eminence found him at Grenoble, and remained there two months, under the name of Captain Juliano.' Julien read this passage once over again, his heart beating more madly each time. The names, the date, the place, made mistake impossible. The captain thus spoken of must be the same who had held him at his baptism, and, to his astonishment, he discovered he was godson to his eminence. His first feeling was surprise; his second, intense joy. He bounded from his seat, repeating: 'God-son to the cardinal—godson to the cardinal!' Leaving all the papers strewn on the ground, for any one who liked to take possession, he first ran towards Roullard's, in order to tell him and his niece the good news; but suddenly he changed his mind: perhaps the jeweller might refuse to believe him, and think it only an excuse to be again taken into favour. Under these circumstances, he might again order him away, and that was an insult impossible to be borne by a cardinal's godson. So, changing his course, he directed his steps to his own little room by the Palais de Justice; and, having possessed himself of his baptismal register, which confirmed his claims, he made the best of his way to the cardinal's residence.

Arrived there, he asked for an old friend of his, called Pierre Chottart, who occupied the important office of head-cook in the establishment. They had seen little of each other for several years, on account of their different opinions on politics, so that Chottart scarcely

recollected him. When, however, they had conversed for a few minutes, Julien informed his friend he had come to see the cardinal. The cook thought him mad, when Julien insisted upon seeing him at any risk, but without explaining why.

'I suppose you think you have only to send in your name to be received at once?' said Chottart in an ironical tone.

'Not exactly,' said Julien; 'but I trust you will put me in the way of seeing his eminence.'

'Oh, the way is perfectly simple: obtain an audience.'

'Now, really, Pierre, this is too bad. I come and ask your help as a friend, and you only make game of me.'

'Because, my dear fellow, there is nothing else to be done.'

'No; but is it really impossible to speak to the cardinal?'

'Quite impossible. Here am I, his head-cook, positively belonging to his appetite, and yet I have never seen him.'

'Is this true?'

'Perfectly true; and even now I am occupied in preparing his chocolate.'

'Oh, that chocolate, then, is for the prime minister?'

'Said Julien, looking into the silver pot which stood on the stove. 'By and by I shall pour it into this cup; a servant will come for it, and take it into the vestibule up that staircase; he will then call the cardinal's valet, who will take the waiter from him, and present it to the cardinal.'

'So that the valet is the only person who approaches his eminence?'

'Precisely. But there is the signal.'

Just then a bell rang, and the cup was immediately filled and placed on the silver waiter by Pierre Chottart; he then went into the next apartment to fetch an embroidered napkin, worked in gold, with the cardinal's arms. Julien's mind was made up in an instant: he rushed to the door through which the cook had disappeared, and locked it, caught up the waiter, and flew up stairs by the staircase pointed out to him, ran along seven passages, and, on his arrival in the grand vestibule, opened the first door that presented itself, and it happening to be the right one, found himself face to face with the cardinal.

The latter was busily engaged in writing, but the unaccustomed noise caused him to look up, and great astonishment was depicted on his face as his eyes rested on the wild-looking unlivelier being before him.

'Who are you? Where did you come from? What do you want?' asked the cardinal in a hurried voice, and with that strong Italian accent he had never been able to lose.

'It is really his eminence,' said Julien, as he almost dropped the waiter on the table: 'then I am saved! Good-evening, godfather!'

The cardinal rose with a frightened air and walked towards the bell.

'Oh, you don't remember me,' said Julien laughing. 'I don't know how you should: you have never seen me since 1625.'

'How, since 1625?' repeated Mazarin, who began to think he had a madman to deal with. 'What do you mean?'

'Well, I wonder you can't guess,' said the young man, clapping his hands with delight. 'I am the son of old Mother Noiraud.'—The cardinal seemed to reflect.—'Oh, don't you remember Mother Noiraud of Grenoble? You lodged with her when you were a captain, and gave your name to her son.'

'I think I begin to recollect. But this son'—

'That's I,' interrupted Julien with a gay laugh. 'Julien Noiraud, of Grenoble. The moment I found out that you were the Captain Juliano of my baptism,

I ran at once to tell you. I hope I have found you well, godfather?'

There was something in the complete ease and gaiety of the young man that amused and pleased the cardinal. He asked him his reasons for thinking himself his godson, and then desired to look at the proofs. Julien presented his register and the pamphlet. The cardinal read the latter from beginning to end without a single change of expression. When he had finished, he looked up at Julien and said: 'So, you are pleased at having discovered your godfather?'

'Oh, am I not? If you only knew how badly I am in want of help!'

'The deuce you are!' said the cardinal. 'Then you are not well off?'

'Couldn't be worse,' said Julien.

'And I suppose you have sought me in the hope that I shall assist you?'

'I was sure that you who have so often saved France would find no difficulty in helping a poor fellow like me.'

The cardinal smiled at the flattery contained in this speech, and the smile gave Julien courage to proceed; he told all about his leaving Roullard, and his wish to marry Mademoiselle Jane, the niece, only concealing the cause of his dismissal.

'Well, well,' said the cardinal, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder, 'don't despair, *poverino*; I'll manage to be of use to you.'

'Ah, godfather,' murmured Julien, flushing with joy.

'First of all, you must no longer be a shop-boy.'

'No, I won't, godfather.'

'I shall employ you here to take care of all my plate.'

'I'll take care of it, godfather.'

'Only you won't receive any wages.'

'No, godfather.'

'You must procure a court-suit.'

'I will, godfather.'

'You may lodge where you like.'

'Thank you, godfather.'

'And as I intend to patronise you, I accord you an unheard-of privilege.'

'A privilege?'

'Yes, truly: I permit you to call me godfather before all the world.'

Julien looked at the cardinal with the utmost surprise; but Mazarin repeated the permission, adding, he trusted to find him worthy of the favour. He then told him to retire, after having ordered him to appear in his new costume at his levee next day.

One may easily imagine the excessive disappointment of our hero. What had he gained? thought he. Lodging, dress, and food, were to be found out of his own small savings, and yet all his time was to be at the disposal of the cardinal, and in return he had only obtained the empty honour of calling him godfather. He heartily wished he had never discovered the identity of Captain Juliano and his eminence: it would have been far better to have regained the favour of M. Roullard, or have sought employment elsewhere, thought he. But now that is forbidden; and I have heard that people are often sent to the Bastille, and left to die and rot there, for less things than disobeying the orders of the prime minister; so I must resign myself to my fate. Heavily oppressed by these feelings, he regained his garret, and with a sad heart awaited the morrow.

Julien procured a court-suit next morning from a gentleman who had come from the country for an audience, and was obliged to sell part of his wardrobe to defray the expense of returning to his province. This made a great hole in our hero's small purse, and he thought himself but ill repaid by the false air of a gentleman, which he felt sat badly on him. As he entered the audience-chamber, all eyes were turned on him, and every one seemed to inquire of his neighbour who he could be. Commander de Souvré and M. Dubois were talking in the embrasure of

one of the windows; on his approach they ceased their conversation, and each appeared to reflect where he could have seen him before. All at once he heard a voice exclaim in a tone of extreme surprise: 'I declare it is Noiraud!' Julien jumped round, and found himself face to face with Roullard.

'How, in the name of fortune, dare you come here, and in a court-dress too?' cried the stupefied jeweller.

'I am, like you, waiting for his eminence,' said Julien in an off-hand tone.

'Ah, I remember now,' said the Commander de Souvré drawing near; 'this is the young man you dismissed yesterday.'

'A jeweller's assistant here!' exclaimed Dubois. 'It is positively scandalous! What on earth can he want with the cardinal?'

'We shall soon learn,' said De Souvré, 'for here he comes.'

At that moment the door was thrown open, and Mazarin entered. He advanced up the room bowing, and stopping now and then to listen to petitions, &c. He soon arrived opposite Julien, and smiled very graciously on seeing him. 'Oh, you are here,' said he, touching him playfully on the cheek with his glove. 'How are you to-day, *poverino*?'

'Very well, thank you, godfather.'

The word was magic. Julien had scarcely pronounced it, when a visible movement was perceptible among the courtiers. All eyes were fixed on him, and every mouth seemed to repeat: 'Godson to the cardinal—godson to the cardinal!' Envy and jealousy were at once painted on each face; and Mazarin, who from the corners of his sharp eyes saw the effect produced, immediately leaned on the young man's shoulder, and continued his progress round the room, talking to him in the most familiar tone, and constantly asking him what reply he should give to the different petitions presented to him. Julien, not knowing whether he was in jest or in earnest, contented himself with replying: 'Yes, godfather.' 'No, godfather.' 'As you like, godfather'—as the question required. And the courtiers all admired his reserve, which they attributed to knowledge and caution. As Mazarin retired, he told Julien to join him in his study as soon as he received a summons to that effect.

He had scarcely disappeared, when the jeweller's assistant was overwhelmed with congratulations. Noiraud scarcely knew how to stammer out sufficient compliments. The commander allowed the crowd to disperse; and taking Julien aside: 'I am delighted, dear sir—yes, perfectly delighted at your good-fortune.'—Julien thanked him.—'His eminence appears to have a great affection for you; and I am sure he would refuse you nothing.'

'Do you really think so?' said Noiraud, and immediately began to make up his mind to solicit the cardinal's permission to return to business.

'I am quite sure of it,' returned the commander; 'and to prove it, I beg of you to speak a good word for me. My nephew is waiting for the command of a regiment; will you get it for him?'

'Me?'

'You can obtain it for him if you choose.'

'I should really only be too happy.'

'Then you promise?'

'I wish I could; but'—

'Oh, don't say another word. If you only fulfil our wishes, you will not, believe me, find us ungrateful.' As he said this, the commander pressed our hero's hand, and walked away.

A minute later he met M. Dubois, who seized him by the arm. 'A word with you,' said he. 'I have just asked for a monopoly of the commerce in *Les Iles du Vent*: if you procure it for me, you shall at once receive six thousand francs.'



'Six thousand francs!' repeated Julien, perfectly astounded.

'Oh, I perceive, I have not offered a sufficient sum. Say ten—twelve thousand then?'

'I assure you,' cried Julien, 'you are altogether mistaken. I have no influence whatever with his eminence; and your request being either granted or refused, does not in the least depend upon me.'

Dubois looked at him for a moment, and let go his arm. 'Ah, I see how it is,' muttered he—'my opponents have already spoken to you?'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'No doubt they have offered you a larger sum.'

'I swear to you!'

'Never mind—never mind. I'll apply to some one else. You must not think that because you are godson to his eminence you are to have your own way in everything. At all events, we'll fight for it, sir, we'll fight for it.' And Jean Dubois disappeared in a pet, without waiting for a reply.

Julien had not recovered from his surprise when he was sent for by the cardinal, who at once saw something unpleasant had occurred, and inquired as to what it was. Julien gladly repeated every word.

'Bravo! bravo!' laughed his eminence. 'As they beg for your protection and good-will, *cara*, you must really give it them.'

'What can you mean, godfather? Do you wish me to ask favours for them?'

'No, no. Ask nothing. Tell me all, and let them imagine that you influence me. Ah, *poverino*, influence is well paid!'

'And so, godfather, you wish me to receive?'

'Receive all, Juliano: never refuse a good and willing offer; and if you can't always procure for the givers anything they wish, you can at least be grateful, you know.'

When Noiraud left the cardinal he was more than ever surprised; but nothing can describe his astonishment when, two days afterwards, he received three thousand francs, accompanied by a most grateful note, from M. de Souvré, thanking him for the colonelship he had so kindly procured for his nephew. As he finished reading, in rushed M. Dubois: 'You have gained the day, Monsieur Noiraud,' said he in a good-humoured tone, but with great respect. 'My opponents have conquered. I was very wrong to fight with you, and I've been punished. However, here are the ten thousand francs we spoke of; and you must put in a good word for me the next time I have a favour to ask.' He placed a pocket-book, containing the money in notes, on the table. Julien wished to refuse, saying he had had nothing whatever to do with the decision; but Dubois would not listen to a word.

'It's all right,' said he, as he left the room. 'You are very cautious; but of course it would not do for you to compromise his eminence. I will believe anything you choose to tell me, and won't ask any questions; only, for mercy's sake, never place your influence against my interests again.'

'I have no difficulty in swearing that,' replied Julien; 'but—'

'I am quite satisfied then,' said Dubois, 'for you look like a man of your word; and, in return, if ever you want a few thousand francs, come to me. I shall only be too glad to assist the cardinal's godson.' He left the room with a profound bow.

Julien repeated all to the cardinal, who, rubbing his hands with glee, told him to take good care of his money. Our hero became richer every day. It was of no use his protesting he was without influence, no one believed him; in fact, it was all put down to proper and praiseworthy reserve: it rather increased than diminished his reputation; and he was day after day forced to accept money for supposed services. In a few months he was a rich man.

During all this time M. Roullard had been sliding in a contrary direction—as Julien had grown great in the world, he had grown small. His petition to become court-jeweller had been met with a decided refusal, and the prince's friends deserted him in consequence of the application, so that the old proverb of 'Between two stools one falls to the ground,' was completely verified. As he attributed his ill success entirely to Julien's influence, he was for some time madly angry; but being one of those easy-going natures who always find it most convenient to look with a favourable eye on the powers that be, he one day sought his former pupil, and assured him he could no longer bear to live on bad terms with any one he had felt such an interest in, and had therefore come to ask pardon for the past and friendship for the future.

Julien was only too happy to be reconciled; his affection for Jane had rather increased than diminished, and his first request was, that Roullard would consent to the marriage. The latter jumped at the proposal, and all being settled, they were married shortly after, Roullard having resigned his business entirely to his new nephew.

When Julien, radiant with happiness, presented his young wife to his godfather, the cardinal laughingly pinched his ear, saying: 'You little thought what would follow when I permitted you to address me as godfather.'

'That is indeed true,' replied the godson; 'I could never have imagined I should owe so very much to the title.'

'That is because you knew nothing of human nature, and had not studied men, *picciolo*,' said the cardinal. 'At court it is not what one *is*, but what one *seems* to be, that insures success.'

#### FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETIES.

THERE is at present in London quite a mania for Freehold Land Societies. There may, and, we believe, there is, something of the same kind observable in most parts of England; but in the metropolis the system is unquestionably in high favour. We think there are observable symptoms of gambling in all this; and that those who will be ultimately benefited by the societies will comprise few of that class for whom they were professed to be established. It may be useful to consider the subject a little, and to separate the speculative element from the prudential.

There may be many persons who cannot yet answer the question—what is a Freehold Land Society? The Building Societies, of earlier formation, have fallen somewhat into disfavour; but the Freehold Societies excite more attention, partly because they involve no trouble in respect to the building or letting of a house. Giving the societies the full benefit of all that may be said in their favour, it would seem that their advantages or excellences are of six kinds: 1st. They induce habits of economy, for every pound which is saved from current expenditure for productive investment, may effect a moral good upon the saver himself, even if the investment should not turn out well: it may transform him from a thoughtless to a thinking, from a thriftless to a prudent man. 2d. They yield a better interest for money than can be obtained from savings-banks; for most or all of the societies pay 3 or 4 per cent. for the use of such money as a member may throw into the concern, until such time as he obtains an allotment of land. 3d. They give the elective franchise; for each freehold estate allotted is of sufficient value to bestow a vote for the county, whether the owner builds a house upon it or lets it on a

building lease to others. 4th. They present the advantages of purchasing retail at a wholesale price. We can seldom purchase a very small piece of ground at a small price; but a piece a hundred times as large can readily be obtained, divided into a hundred portions, and resold to a hundred persons, each to pay a hundredth part of the original price. 5th. They enable the law-expenses of conveyance to be brought down within reasonable limits—far lower than in the case of an isolated purchase by an individual of a small plot of land. 6th. They afford to those who take their allotments and let them on building leases one of the best of all securities; for few if any kinds of property in this country are based upon a firmer foundation than ground-rents.

Such are the advantages, and it is only fair that they should be clearly stated, as a counterbalance to any dead-weights on the other side. As to the origin of the companies, we may attribute this quite as much to political as to prudential motives; for at a time when party-spirit ran higher than it does at present, and when a wish was expressed by the Reformers to command county votes as well as town votes, it was deemed a capital idea to purchase a freehold, and cut it up into pieces just large enough to give the elective franchise, it being implied that the purchasers of these bits should be Reformers, and should vote for the glorious cause of liberty, and so forth. But two can play at this game. If the National Freehold Land Society can thus legally manufacture reform votes, the Conservative can as easily manufacture church-and-queen votes; and there might in the same way be high-church votes, and non-conformist votes, and so on. But the political idea has almost vanished from the societies; members enter without any declaration of political opinion, and not one in 500 cares a rush about the franchise at all.

We have said that the societies are in high favour just at present. It is impossible to avoid seeing the evidence of this, afforded by the bill-sticker's occupation. What the total number of such societies may be, we cannot guess; but we will briefly pass in review those which are brought most prominently forward in London. The National Freehold Land Society has shares of L30 each, payable in monthly sums of 4s.; it has purchased 113 estates, from 1 to 240 acres each, at an expense of L455,000; about 65,000 shares have been issued; and the shareholders have taken lots to the value of about L200,000. This is by far the largest of all the societies. The price paid for the land seems to have averaged about L150 per acre. The Conservative Land Society has been established somewhat more than a year, and has issued about 7000 shares; the shares are L50 each, payable in monthly instalments of 8s.; the allotments, on about eight or ten estates, are larger than those in the National Society, on account of the higher amount of each share. The London District Freehold Land Society goes down lower in the scale: it has shares of L30 each, payable at 3s. per month; estates have been purchased at Tottenham, Barking, Walthamstow, Plaistow, and two or three other places. The Church of England and General Freehold Land Allotment Society has, we presume, about as much relation to churchmanship as the Conservative has to conservatism: Dissenters would be quite welcome in the one, and Radicals in the other. The shares in this society are L30 each, payable at 4s. per month; and interest at 5 per cent. is paid to those who would rather let their money lie in the society's hands than take an allotment of land. The Free Trade Land Society similarly exemplifies the

supposed value of a name; not only would it welcome a Protectionist, as well as a Free-trader, but the managers candidly say, that 'this society disclaims all party objects, and all interference with the political opinions of its members.' The shares are L40 each, payable in monthly sums of 6s. The Great Britain Freehold Land Society has shares at L40, payable at 4s. per month. The Provident Freehold Land and Permanent Building Society, one of the youngest of the flock, has shares of L30, payable at 5s. per month, and half-shares at a proportionate rate: the plan combines some features both of the land and of the building systems. The London Suburban and Home Counties Permanent Benefit Building Society (some of these societies, for length of name, remind us of one which we met with in the Staffordshire Potteries—the Handlers' and Flat and Hollow Ware Pressers' Surplus Labour Society; which has since been equalled by the British Exodus or National Emigration Fund of the Hunter River Gold-mining Company) has certain peculiarities of its own: there are shares of L30, L15, L10, and L5 each; and the directors express a belief, that they will be able to sell to shareholders allotments of half an acre each, for about L100, giving a frontage of 80 feet by a depth of 270 feet. The Home Counties and Metropolitan Freehold Land Society, with shares of L30, adopts the humble system of 1s. payment per week. The Southwark Metropolitan and Provincial Freehold Land and House Society—another formidable name—has L30 shares, payable at 3s. per month; and its placards are headed with the enticing words: 'How to buy a house with its own rent!' The Englishman Freehold Land and Investment Society has, like most of the others, shares at L30 each, payable at 4s. per month; it boasts of an estate near the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a locality to which many of the land societies are paying attention. The City of London Tenants' Investment and Freehold Land Society has shares at L50 each, payable at 7s. per month; the investors receive 5 per cent., the borrowers pay 6 per cent., in a sort of loan department independent of the land department. There are other societies, the names of which escape us; but the youngest of the family which has met our notice, is the Crystal Palace Permanent Benefit Building Society. This society offers a sop in the pan, in the shape of a free admission to the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and a free passage up and down the railway, for a certain period, to the fortunate members.

Now, it does not follow that any of these societies are established from improper motives. Some owed their origin, as we have stated, to political considerations connected with the elective franchise; some were set on foot by benevolent well-wishers to the working-classes; while others have been started by solicitors, or surveyors, or agents, who wish to create offices or employments for themselves. But the enterprises may in their nature be sound, whichever of these three motives may have originated them. We wish, nevertheless, to make a comment or two on the latter.

Intending shareholders should look with care at the names of the persons who originate these societies—for the amount of capital now paid in to the various London societies weekly is really large—and an individual shareholder has very little hold over the secretary or treasurer into whose hands the money passes. There ought not only to be 'good names,' as they would be called in the City, but the names of men who would not merely lend them for show, but would practically exercise a supervision over the whole matter. When any class or kind of joint-stock enterprise happens to be in favour, there are always adventurers on the lookout to establish companies which will bring grist to the mill, but will leave only husks for the shareholders. The experience of benefit-clubs, savings-banks, trades'

societies, co-operative leagues, and so forth, has been tarnished by many a tale of absconding secretaries and fraudulent treasurers.

Another matter is, that a working-man should not be deceived by the greatness of the number of shares taken. These shares do not represent an equal number of persons willing and intending to build a house on the bit of freehold obtained: a great part of them are taken by persons who hope to sell their chance at a profit, and then leave the society. We believe that, ultimately, most of the property will pass into the hands of persons in easy circumstances, in the middle class of society, and not to humble tradesmen and workmen. A workman earning, say 25s. per week, can spare 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week for a freehold society, if he choose; and he would act wisely so to do, if his selection be judiciously made; but we doubt whether any considerable number of them will have the steady firmness to persevere for a sufficiently long period; they will get tired if the expected good is long in making its appearance, and they will sell their chance at a small profit if opportunity offers. Considerable change must take place in the habits of average English workmen, before any appreciable percentage of them will become freeholders.

The process of 'selling a chance' may require a little elucidation. Let us, therefore, trace the operation of one of these societies in detail. There are shares of L50 each, payable at 8s. per month. Any person can become a member by paying one month's instalment and a few small entrance-fees. The theory of the society is, that when he has paid up L50, he can have a piece of freehold land which will be worth much more than that sum, because it has been purchased wholesale; but as the society buys estates as fast as the funds come in, the allotments are ready long before any considerable number of members have paid up their whole L50. A few allotments are, therefore, from time to time made to the earliest members, and a few more are allotted, by ballot, to those who have not yet paid up the L50. In such case, the society lends on mortgage the amount not yet paid up at 5 per cent.; and the member may then build on his plot, or sell his right in it, as he pleases. Now, as soon as a share has been drawn by ballot, it is further advanced than before towards fruition, and there are persons who will buy it at a premium; and the nearer it approaches towards the day of allotment, the higher will this premium be. Such at least is the present state of things in the best societies; and this is precisely the circumstance which draws the greater part of the members. They think more of making a premium, than of building a house or of holding ground-rents—and the excitement of the ballot is akin to that of lotteries, or of horse-racing, or of rouge-et-noir. Men of capital have entered the societies to the extent of several thousand pounds each, and these, we suspect, will become the real landowners by and by; the smaller investors, such as those of 2s. per week, will have a tendency to make any little profit which may perchance offer, and then quit the society. There are stories circulated, and perhaps true ones, of persons who have entered the society on a particular day, and have had their shares drawn by ballot on that very day, and have had a handsome premium offered for them: these stories draw numerous other members to the society, which at length comprises many more speculators than bonâ fide sober investors.

Let it not be supposed that we would throw a wet blanket over land societies: what we wish is, to point out that the present eagerness partakes rather too much of the nature of a mania, fed by the hope of making a premium; and that the hard-working artisan should put a guard over himself if he enters a society merely to sell his chance. There must be more blanks than prizes in such a ballot, and he who is elated at the thought of selling his chance if it turn up good, will

be proportionally depressed if luck tends the other way. We still think that, regarded as an investment, a well-managed Freehold Land Society's shares are worthy of attention.

## THE MONTHS:

### A HINDOO MONOLOGUE.\*

ONE of the most pleasing and, at the same time, most singular poems of modern India, is the *Duazda Mānsa*, or the 'Twelve Months,' a sort of drama in twelve brief acts, or rather a dramatic monologue in twelve cantos, a series of soliloquies which a wife, passionately fond of her husband, utters during his long absence. The beloved one is far away; the faithful spouse awaits his return with laudable anxiety. As each month commences the varied phenomena of nature, the ever-new festivals, the games in which her companions disport themselves, all recall the memory of her beloved. But she knows not where he is, and can devise no means of transmitting to him a message. She resolves, therefore, to address various birds: she conjures them to go in search of her dear husband, and to bring her back tidings of him. Each month she despatches a different bird, but in vain. It is only after a whole year of tears and complaints that her spouse is restored to her.

In India, the year is solar: it consists of twelve months, classed in six seasons of two months each, and it begins with the spring in *Chait* (March-April); but it is not at this period that the poet introduces his heroine. Kanwaldah (Lotus-pond), for such is her name, commences her monologue in *Āṣādh*—that is, in June-July. Her husband has just departed, and she watches with feelings of horror the approach of the season of storms and rain, so frequently and so vividly depicted by the Indian poets. Already the terrible voice of the thunder is heard, the lightning flashes in the obscurity of night, and even as the lightning the heart of the fair Kanwaldah palpitates with fear and love. While her eyes are bedewed with tears, the heavens discharge torrents of rain. The woods are once more clothed with verdure, but she is like the plant that withers despite the rain: Kanwaldah, despairing to see her husband, abandons herself to the most poignant grief. Suddenly she hears the song of the black-bird, whose accents seem full of love. 'Dear bird,' she says to it, 'I am delighted with thy notes; but listen, in thy turn, to my words: aid me in my love—strive to bring back my spouse. . . . Go in quest of him from land to land; remind him of the time when he used to bring me each day a garland of flowers; whilst now, forests and mountains separate us, and in my solitude I count the stars.' The black-bird departs; days and days pass away, and he returns not. Meanwhile, the month of *Savān* (July-August) commences; dark clouds gather in the horizon, and crowds of white herons announce the approaching storm. Kanwaldah trembles for the fate of her beloved, and begins to recite *mantras* (prayers), as she hears the frog croak in the water, and the peacock scream in the forest. It is more especially in this month that the Indian girls amuse themselves with *see-saw*. The faithful Kanwaldah will not share the amusement in her husband's absence. Ever a prey to grief, she addresses herself this time to the *kokila* (the common cuckoo), whose plaintive tones so well befit her situation. She is eager to learn the motive of her husband's prolonged absence, for she fears that it is a rival who keeps him far from his home. 'Dear bird,' she says to the *kokila*, 'go, tell my beloved of my profound sadness. Tell him that I yearn for him, as the heliotrope yearns for the sun. If this fly be fluttering beside a distant lotus, tell him that it is I, and no other, who

\* Rendered from the French version of Garcin de Tassy.



am his lotus. Ah! I shall expand like the lotus, when this sun shall reappear from behind the clouds; but without him I have no rest, and my tears cannot extinguish the fire that is consuming me. O kokila! thou seest my grief; fly without delay to the place where is my beloved.' Thus speaks Kanwaldah. She hopes that the bird she adjoins will find her spouse, and that its tones will touch his heart. But time fleets away, and the kokila returns not.

A new month is born: it is *Bhadon* (August-September). Now the clouds with which the sky was already overcast, become more threatening than before, and, in the obscurity of night, the chirp of the cricket is heard. At this period of the year, it is the custom in India to make bonfires, through which the merry-makers run, singing particular ballads. But these amusements fail to please Kanwaldah; on the contrary, they add bitterness to her sorrow. The month of *Bhadon* is consecrated to Khizr, a mysterious personage whom the Mussulmans of India confound with the prophet Elias. In this month, those whose desires have been accomplished, whether Hindoos or Mussulmans, launch on the rivers, in honour of the saint, small boats called *bera*, adorned with lamps and flowers. Our heroine promises Khizr to take part in this ceremony, if her beloved return to her.

She fancies that she sees in the glowworm stars broken from the effects of her grief; she fancies that she hears in the cry of the hawk—'Piu! piu!'—the name of her beloved. At last, she addressed herself to the *koyal* (black cuckoo). 'Go,' she says, 'charming bird—go, find my beloved, who is as inaccessible to me as the griffin. Tell him that I am wasting away like the *sati*, and that my breath is gone. Tell him that his absence has broken the string of my heart, and that the tempest will ingulf the book of my patience. Reproach him, that he feels not, on his part, any desire to see me; while my life is a burden to me by reason of his absence. Ask him who it is that has fascinated him, and deprived me of his presence.'

The *koyal* departs, but, alas! to return no more. Kanwaldah, who relied on his promptitude, imagines that an arrow may have struck him. Meanwhile the month of *Bhadon* passes away, and that of *Kuar* (September-October) arrives. The rain now falls in torrents, and renders the immediate return of the absent husband impossible. Kanwaldah is in direst misery. At this time, the constellation of the *Couherd* appears in the heavens. According to the Indians, the rain which falls at this juncture becomes poison if it enters the mouth of the black serpent, camphor on the banana-tree, and pearls in the oyster. Kanwaldah seeks no pearls in the absence of her husband; she would rather seek death from the bite of the black serpent.

At length, she prays the jay to go and inquire why her spouse has not returned before this disastrous season. The jay departs, but Kanwaldah, in her impatience, applies to a magician, to draw an augury as to the return of her beloved. He throws the dice, and, after an examination of the result, he informs the faithful wife that her husband will not yet return to render her home flourishing. Kanwaldah, desolate with grief, heaves deep sighs. The thorn of sorrow pierces her heart deeper and deeper. 'Ah,' she says, 'my jay has been caught in some net, for the month of *Katik* (October-November) has arrived, and he returns not.'

Kanwaldah seeks another bird to despatch with a fresh message; and this time she confides her tale of woe to the wagtail. She regrets that she has no wings to fly in search of her spouse, and to express to him all her sorrows. She begs the wagtail, whose eyes, she says, resemble those of her beloved, to go to him in her stead. As for her, thirsting for the sight of her husband, she vainly keeps her eyes fixed on his homeward route. At the new moon, which falls in this month, they celebrate in India, in honour of Luksehm,

the festival called *dewali*. After having bathed in the Ganges, or some other river, the Indian girls celebrate the *puja* of the goddess. At night, they light up their houses with numerous lamps, and play at games of chance. It is in vain that Kanwaldah illuminates her house: it seems to her none the less gloomy, for her husband is not there. The wagtail departs, but Kanwaldah knows not whither it has carried her message, for it returns no more; and the month of *Aghan* (November-December) arrives. Meanwhile the faithful wife recites day and night with the rosary of her tears, to use the Indian poet's figurative expression, and nourishes herself with the blood of her heart.

Playing with paper-kites is very popular in India, especially in this month. The Indians are passionately fond of this pastime. They make the kites knock against each other in the air, and with pieces of broken glass fastened to the string, seek each to cut the string of the rival kite. Kanwaldah fears lest her husband should play at kite with some strange woman, and thus cut the string of his love for his lawful wife, or at least twist it into knots.

She now addresses herself to the bird called *surkhab*. 'Dear bird,' she says, 'go and perch near the place where my husband has pitched his tent; go and see what partridge it is hath robbed me of his love. The *surkhab* departs; but it returns no more than the other birds, and the month *Pas* (December-January) arrives.

The nights now grow long; the cold begins to be felt. Each hour seems as long as a year. The heron is now the messenger; but the unhappy bride sees that he does not return, even after the lapse of an entire month.

The month of *Magh* (January-February) arrives. Can the faithful Kanwaldah continue to live far away from that husband whom she loves so tenderly? The cold wind which blows in this month pierces her heart like an arrow, to use the Indian figure. Kanwaldah feels more than ever the void occasioned by her husband's absence; she fears that he has ceased to feel the least affection for her, and that the snow which falls has completely frozen his love.

Meanwhile, the blossom on the mango-trees announces the arrival of spring, and already the dove commences his amorous cooing. This time Kanwaldah addresses herself to this bird, the model of tenderness, and especially employed in the East to carry letters. 'For the sake of heaven,' said Kanwaldah to him, 'unfold thy wings, and speed thy flight to the charming husband who has fascinated me, as it were, by magic. What has become of that master of the ship of my heart? Unguided by him, it cannot escape from the gulf of stormy waves where grief has made it cast anchor.'

Kanwaldah despatches several doves. Meanwhile the month *Phagan* has arrived, and not a single dove returns. During this month, the Indian carnival takes place known by the name of *Koli* or *Phag*. The amusements of this festival consist chiefly in people sprinkling themselves with coloured water, and aiming at each other, by means of tubes, talc-powder tinted with yellow or red, and called *abir* or *abrak*. These pastimes are accompanied by special songs, called, like the festival, *Koli* or *Hori*. Kanwaldah remembers that, in the preceding year, she joined in them with her beloved. Now, she throws earth upon her head. Those who take part in the *koli* are dressed in yellow. They look in the crowd like a meadow of saffron. The women smile deliciously; and the poet assures us that the Cashmerian women, so celebrated for their beauty, are covered with confusion at the sight, and dare not smile any more.

Kanwaldah, too, smiles no more. Her tears wet the talc-powder which is thrown at her. She sees with feelings of despair the time fleeting away, and yet her spouse returns not. The carnival month has passed,

and the month of *Chait* (March-April) takes its place, and with it comes the new year, *nan roz*, or the day of the year.

In this month the hyacinth opens its blossom, the *teu* produces its yellow flowers. But while the companions of Kanwaldah make garlands of flowers and carry bouquets in their hands, the thorn of absence twines itself more deeply still in the heart of the faithful Indian. Her companions, clothed in pink robes, amuse themselves in the gardens, playing on various musical instruments, and drinking rose-coloured wine out of elegant cups; but the garden of hope is closed as a cage to Kanwaldah. She keeps apart, walking slowly and sadly, touching not a single flower. The zephyr, which at this season of the year purifies nature, fails to open the bud of Kanwaldah's heart. Her face has lost its vermilion hue; her body, stained with her tears of blood, seems a field of tulips.

It is in vain that Kanwaldah wandered in the gardens; she nowhere finds him she sought. The odour of that rose does not reach her. The spring has not developed that charming flower, and yet the spring is the season of roses, and of their amours with the nightingale. The nightingale, therefore, she conjures, with passionate entreaties, to seek her husband, and tell him of her distraction.

The season of roses passes away, and the nightingale brings no news of the absent husband. Thus ten whole months have rolled away since his departure. Meanwhile the month of *Baikakh* (April-May) commences. This time Kanwaldah calls the crow. 'Go,' she says, 'thou whose black hue is an image of my body burned with love, bring me news of the faithless one. Try to find him, and repeat to him my sorrowful words. How could I write a letter to him—the paper would burn, inflamed by my sighs of fire, and would be reduced to ashes! My *calam* would be broken like my heart. Go then, O crow! tell my beloved how unjust is the indifference of which he makes me the victim. Tell him, that if he is proud of his beauty, I also may justly boast of mine. Remind him of his former tenderness for me; yet, can absence have made him forget it? But he who truly loves finds a charm even in the very anguish of love.'

But *Baikakh* passes away, and ill fortune continues to pursue Kanwaldah, since the crow returns not, and she is thus without news of him she loves. The month of *Jeth* (May-June) arrives, and brings with it sultry heat; such that the heavens seem on fire, and the earth, as it were, burned up; the stars appear to fall in sparks, and the sun seems to melt away every morning. The dust rises from the burned ground; the fierce wind carries it along in clouds; it is like a hot whirlwind which wearies the traveller. Kanwaldah is stricken down by this excessive heat, and she complains that Destiny seems to have made her a mark for his arrows; and she bends down sadly like a bow toward the earth. She at length determines to send in quest of her husband her favourite perroquet. She conjures it not to forget her, like the black-bird and the cuckoo; she hopes that it will be bolder than the cuckoo, whose black neck denotes, according to the poet, timidity. She flatters herself that he will be more successful than the others; she trusts that he will not be so volatile as the dove; she complains that all the birds have been faithless, and that the nightingale itself awaits perhaps the return of spring; finally, she hopes that her perroquet will not follow the example of the crow, her last messenger, for, according to the Indian proverb, there is no comparison between the perroquet and the crow.'

'Dear perroquet,' she said once more, 'I am dissatisfied with all the birds that I have employed. As for thee, whom I have brought up myself, be the worthy confidant of my sorrow: go in quest of my beloved lord, whether he be in Arabia or Persia, at Samarcand

with a rival, in Greece, Ethiopia, China, or in Europe; in Badakhshan or at Ispahan. Go and seek him, if it be necessary, among the imam, among the martyrs of Karbala. Make known to him my grief, repeat to him my complaints. But do not rest satisfied with giving him my message; bring him back to me; restore to me my beloved, and thus render my heart as verdant as thy wings.'

Having thus spoken, Kanwaldah opens the cage of her perroquet; she lets him fly away, and the bird, as he goes, assures her that he will bring back her spouse.

Kanwaldah goes to sleep full of hope, and soon she dreams that her beloved is restored to her. She sees him, in her imagination, reunited to her, as Zalikha to Joseph, like Husn to Ische. When she awakes, a smile plays upon her lips, her sorrow is dissipated; she feels a gaiety such as is produced by the daughter of the vine. She communicates this delightful dream to her companions. 'I have seen,' she said to them, 'my moon between the clouds. This dream will be true as the dawn itself. Yes, my beloved will soon return, my heart assures me of it.' Meanwhile, Kanwaldah experiences sensations of good omen; she feels her right eye hot, and her left eye twinkles incessantly in spite of herself. Certain now of the immediate return of her husband, she summons her women to prepare to receive him. She has her hair dressed, and they arrange it in tresses, as if to keep her husband thenceforth by her side. She enjoins them to dress her with care, to put on all her jewels, and to adorn her legs with their rings.

The husband so long looked for arrives at last. 'It is in the eve of a delicious night he arrives; Kanwaldah sees that he loves her still, and she is assured that fortune will be thenceforth kind to her. 'O cupbearer,' cried Kanwaldah at the conclusion of her monologue, 'pour me out some wine, for my love has triumphed, and joy hath at length succeeded to sorrow! My beloved hath returned after a year's absence. I have nothing more to wish for.'

#### NOTES ON VICTORIA COLONY.

A WORK, worthy of the subject in information and elegance,\* has at length been published regarding this wonderful colony, by Mr William Westgarth, lately a member of its legislative council, and author of a smaller work on the same country in its early days of 1848. Till our friend William Howitt returns and gives us what, from the literary aptitudes of the author, must be the great and effective book on the wonders of *Australia Aurifera*, we shall be content with the goodly octavo thus put before us. It treats, in most intelligent style, of climate, the squatting system, the gold discoveries, as well as of the general affairs of the colony, besides presenting a lively and graphic account of certain visits the author paid to the various *Diggings*.

As to squatting—that is, the business of pasturing sheep and cattle on tracts of ground leased from the government—its golden days seem to be past, though it may still yield a fair return for capital and labour. The original advantages 'now remain only to the early settler who is in actual possession. A newly arrived colonist, who contemplated turning his attention to squatting, would find the market abundantly supplied with sheep and cattle of all kinds—ewes, young and old; fat wethers; "mixed flocks," including every sort, age, and sex; all or any of which he might buy on very favourable terms, feeling highly satisfied with his prospects as he reckoned up the net profits upon the wool and the increase, after deducting the expenses. But where is he to place the stock? A mixed flock of 10,000 good sheep "without station" may be offered

\* *Victoria, late Australia Felix; being a Historical and Descriptive Account of the Colony and its Gold Mines, &c.* By William Westgarth. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.

him for 10s. per head all round; but if he prefers a more suitable offer, where "an admirable well-watered station," with a similar mixed flock of 10,000 sheep, is advertised for sale, he will probably find that if the station really answers this description, the price demanded for the sheep has advanced from 10s. to 20s. per head, the difference of £5000 being, in fact, the premium upon the station.

'Latterly, this has proved no uncommon rate of premium among the many fine pastoral stations of Victoria that are ever changing hands. This premium, it must be observed, however, includes "improvements," by which term is comprehended the homestead, wool-sheds, fenced paddocks in grass or for cultivation, and any other useful objects for which labour or capital has been expended upon the run. The improvements on some of the older and more extensive stations, comprising the additions and extensions of every succeeding year, have now amounted to a very considerable value, and they secure great social comfort, as well as business facilities, to the purchaser of such runs; but their value, as compared with and distinguished from that of the run itself, is generally quite fractional. Stations situated even in the remoter parts of the colony, capable of depasturing 8000 sheep, on which an annual licence-fee of £20 would be payable to the government, would now command a premium of more than £1000, although no improvements whatever had been effected.'

Mr Westgarth's visits to the diggings form the most attractive, though not the most valuable part of his work. He travelled in good style on horseback with a party of friends. At the Bendigo excavations, he found the whole hill undermined by the gold-seekers, much like a worked-out coal-field in our own country; and many were experiencing disappointment when, after severe toil in sinking a pit, they came to a place where the pick descended into empty space, shewing that some one had been there before them. Serious accidents, too, from the falling in of the sides of pits, sometimes bring operations to a most unpleasant close. The whole affair is a terrible pell-mell of the ruder passions, and the coarsest kinds of living, yet not without its redeeming traits. One of these is the establishment of schools for the children of the diggers. Small tents, bark huts, and rough wooden edifices, scattered over an irregular surface composed of banks of debris, form the externals of the scene. 'Here was a blacksmith, firing away in his particular department. The shoeing of horses, the pointing of picks, and restoring the wearied and worn-out edges of shovels, comprehended the sphere of his labours. His stock of iron was ludicrously small for such a rich tradesman as he probably was. But the profits were a fortune notwithstanding. He was busy as a bee. The earnings were a pound an hour, and sometimes two. Every leisure minute was like a shilling running out at the doorway. There was, therefore, no rest for him. Next comes a doctor. His house may be five feet square. If you suggest six, it is a question. There he is, drugs and all, compactly wedged: Doctor Senna, an apothecary I could have guessed, if there be anything in a name. Everybody in the line, from the apothecary upwards, is doctor here. The learned doctor complains that times are not what they once were here: the days of an ounce a visit are gone long since. He gets along, however; he has a party at work on the diggings, to whom he has supplied all the materials, and with whom he enjoys an equal *pro rata* share of the proceeds. An Esculapian brother, next door but three, has not yet adventured into the diggings' department; but by the razor's edge of an idea, he has associated lemonade and soda-water with the dignities of surgery and physic, and he, too, is driving an excellent trade.'

'In the midst of the busy crowd, and of the restless upturning of the soil, we noticed a small spot of ground enclosed by a rustic fence, which, on our nearer approach,

proved to be a grave. Who lay here, no one seemed to know or care. Before the discovery of gold in this colony, I read a rather affecting article in a Californian newspaper, upon "The Unrecorded Dead," and little thought at that time that the cases there stated would so soon be our own. But such was now emphatically our case, and to an extent and character quite Californian. At the sea-beach, by the highway-side, and scattered over the expanse of the gold-fields, were the graves of the unrecorded dead of our young Australia. We encountered in our walk a number of such graves. The deaths upon these grounds are, as might be expected, numerous; and frequently does it occur that there are not only no friends around the departing spirit, but there is no knowledge whatever of the party who is thus leaving his earthly remains to the last offices and sympathies of his fellow-men.'

At a squatter's house, on the return, there was a plentiful table. 'As the good lady of the house was absent on a visit to Melbourne, the commercial topics of the day had the full round of our time. In the bush, the staple topics are wool, the squatting prospects, and the squatting regulations and orders in council. Is the wool to be in the grease this season for want of hands to wash it? What the price? What the freight home? What prices are the merchants giving this season? and so forth. In like manner in town, when the ladies are absent or have retired from table, the present topic is the gold—its quantity, its price, its permanence as a production of the country, its effects; and, like Aaron's rod or the great serpent, it swallows up all rivals. The ladies, although evidently desirous of appearing shocked with such mercenary manners, are occasionally tempted, like Mrs Caudle before them, in the case of the Eel Pie Island railway stock, to inquire of their husbands on an evening how much they have secured of it for the day's labours. The subject is thus dignified by a domestic tendency. The Sydney ladies are said to have gone, by aid of long experience, considerably further; for, in attending diligently to the relations of cause and effect in the wool-market, they had ascertained that, on a broker's report shewing a penny per pound of advance in price, an extra horse to the carriage was quite an attainable affair from a husband of average humanity.'

Mr Westgarth's chapter on the state of society in Melbourne, is one of the most interesting. There is a much larger proportion of educated men than in ordinary English towns. The proceedings of successful diggers in their efforts to obtain wives, furnish some amusing pages. One of these persons, who has made up his mind to marry, takes a walk along a street. 'Here is a trim petticoat washing down the door-steps of a shop. She gets through her work creditably, and he is rapidly making up his mind. One little preliminary is still wanting—unimportant perhaps; but yet it is as well to see her face. When he asks the direction of Collins' Street, she turns full upon him that mask or index of the soul behind. Good gracious! how briskly he starts off, and without even waiting the answer. Perhaps he knew the place perfectly all the time; or perhaps, if one had been sufficiently near, he might have been heard to whisper that he was looking for a wife and not a mother.' On the other hand, the newly arrived young women at the emigrants' barracks have heard of such openings in this way, that they can scarcely be induced to accept of engagements other than matrimonial, unless, indeed, for places where they will be in the way of seeing and being seen by the lucky adventurers of the mines. 'The officials, who have been at some pains to provide respectable first engagements for these fastidious inmates, beginning to get impatient, threaten their obstinate charges with speedy deprivation of their free quarters. A score or two of ladies, who have fought



the entire day in the attempt to hire servants, complain of a very partial success; whilst a crowd of diggers and other colonists, bobbing their impatient heads above the surrounding fences, and signalling some object of their choice, find a wonderful facility in forming engagements for life with those backward maidens who have just declined even a month's trial under certain different conditions with their own sex.

'Love at first sight was a daily occurrence, and by the hand she just pledged the fair betrothed was dragged into the nearest furnishing warehouse, or the most stylish milliner's, by an impetuous lover who ever vociferated for the choicest of the stock. There were not wanting some still spicier touches of the *jeu d'esprit*, to give a yet more piquant edge to this amusing and far from displeasing picture. A damsel in the streets at noonday is accosted by a rough voice that swears to her bonnet being unworthy of the fair face it contains; and ere effecting a hasty retreat, the speaker has dropped a ten pound-note at the feet of his charmer, for the purpose of adjusting a more seemly equality.'

The abrupt changes of fortune are also highly curious. 'The circumstances of new colonies, in connection with the simple and direct character, generally speaking, of colonial wants and colonial vocations, relating as these vocations must long do chiefly to commercial requirements—to wants of the body rather than of the mind—open a broad and free path to progress in every rank, and to the industry and merits of every individual of the community. The hill of fortune and honours may be successfully ascended even from those grades that are the most humble in our home society. A journeyman carpenter, for example, is observed to finish with *peculiar ease* the chair which the city corporation has ordered from his employer for its chief-magistrate; and when questioned as to his motive, he admits that he intends, on some future occasion, to sit there himself. As the story goes, he does sit there, and with credit to all concerned. And again, the emigrant who landed in perfect destitution a few years ago, may now be observed alighting from his carriage at the colonial assembly, and be heard shortly afterwards edifying his fellow-colonists by an address, not, in *style*, garnished by rhetorical flourish or varied by classical quotations, but yet characterised by practical good sense, and, above all, by a clearness of meaning perfectly exonerating to the refined diplomatists of old societies.'

We cordially recommend the work to general attention.

#### NORTH-COUNTRY WORDS.

In spite of the widely increased intercourse between the northern and southern districts of England, which our railways have in later years brought about, it is singular to find amongst its middle and lower classes how much the respective phraseology of each county is retained, and to hear continually terms and phrases made use of in one community, as inexplicable as some foreign tongue to the other. Out of very many examples that might be given, we will content ourselves with, comparatively speaking, a few, and confine the present article to those forms of speech peculiar to the northern counties of England.

Thus, to *adde*, or *addle*, evidently from the ancient Saxon *addan*, is understood here to signify—to recompense, to reward.

*A-gate*, a Cheshire word for just going—*gate*, as is generally known, in the northern dialect signifying a way; as, I am *a-gate*. In the same county, *ander*—there pronounced *one-dar*—implies the afternoon.

*Barn*, or *bearn*—so closely resembling the Scotch *bairn*—for child, is an old Saxon word. In the ancient Teutonic it meant a son, and was probably derived from the Syriac *bar-Abbas*. We thus hear of *bearn teems*, equivalent to

broods of children; and a *teeming woman*, for one with a numerous progeny. On the like subject, from the word *cant*, to recover, to mend, is obviously derived the Yorkshire phrase: 'A health to the good wives *canting*'—that is, recovering from a lying-in.

To *berry*, signifies in the north to thrash, to beat out the berry or grain; hence *berrier*, thrasher; and *berrying-stead*, thrashing-floor.

*Bleit*, or *blate*, bashful. 'A toom purse makes a *blate* merchant,' is a well-known Scotch proverb; meaning, that an empty purse makes a shame-faced merchant.

To *cleam*, to fasten, to cement; a word of frequent use in Lincolnshire. In Yorkshire, it means to spread thickly over: he *cleamed* butter on his bread.

*Cod* signifies pillow; we hear of *pin-cod* for pincushion; *horse-cod* for horse-collar.

The adjective *dazed* is, in the north, applied both to persons and things; thus, a *dazed* look is said of one with a scared, affrighted aspect—*dazed* bread, for what is doughy and imperfectly baked—*dazed* meat, for that ill roasted at a bad fire. *I see dazed*, synonymous to I am very cold.

*Deafely*, an expressive term for lonely, solitary.

*Donnaught*—that is, do-naught—a Yorkshire phrase for an idle useless person; whilst a *true dribble* signifies a laborious diligent servant.

*Eald*, old, or age: he is tall of his *eald*.

*Eam*, an uncle, is a term we rather think applied also to an intimate friend, gossip, &c.

*El-mother* signifies in Cumberland step-mother; an affinity, by the way, frequently and strangely confounded with that of mother-in-law in all parts of England and elsewhere.

Where *fured* you? (Whither went ye?) is also a phrase peculiar to this county.

*Shen the esse*, a form of speech used in Cheshire; it signifies, separate the dead ashes from the embers—*esse* meaning, in the *esse* of the *esse*.

*Glotted*, for started, is familiar in the same locality.

To *ply*, signifies in Lincolnshire to scold; to *lope*, to leap; to *thrive*, to thrive; to *entr-at*.

To *harden*, a northern term, implying things grow dear: the market *hardens*.

*Heppen*, a Yorkshire term for pretty near, &c.

*Hetter*, for eager, anxious.

*Ingle*, in Cumberland, a fire, a blaze.

*Lathing*, a northern term for entreaty or invitation: it is common to say, you need no *lathing*, no pressing.

To *late*, in Cumberland, to seek.

To *mantle*, to embrace kindly.

To *marrow*, to fellow, to match; thus, these shoes are not *marrow*.

To *murl*, to crumble.

*Leath* signifies in the north intermission; no *leath* of pain—evidently from leave, no leave of pain.

To *lean nothing*, is to conceal nothing, leave nothing; derived from the Saxon *lean*, to shun, avoid.

*Meny*, a family; thus, we are five or six a *meny*.

To *pan*, in the north signifies to join, unite; and to *pote*, to throw off, push off.

To *reuze*, to extol, to commend.

To *ruck*, to squat down or shrink.

He *rutes* it, is spoken in Cheshire of a child who roars or bellows; while *welly moyster'd* is there applied to one supposed to be going half distracted. I'll *thrippa* thee, for I'll beat or cudgel thee, also belongs to Cheshire.

*Sackless* is a word signifying innocent, without crime, and is purely from the Saxon derivation *sac*, *saca*, strife, quarrel, and *leas*, without.

A looking-glass is here a *seeing-glass*; a shirt is a *sark*; and no *shed* means no difference.

To *thole* is, in Derbyshire as in Scotland, synonymous with endure, put up with; and to *throd-den*, with to grow, to thrive.

*Toothy*, peevish, crabbed—in general use.

In Cumberland, a *tougher* signifies a dower or dowry.

*Tranty*, precocious—applied to children.

To *toorcau*, a curious word, by which is understood to wonder or muse what one means to do.

To *turn wool*, to mix it.

To *walt*, to totter, stagger, overthrow—from the Saxon *weltan*, to tumble, roll; hence, *weltering* in blood.

To *wary*, to curse—(Lancashire).

To *warpy*, to lay eggs.

To *wear the pot*, to cool it.

To *widdle*, to fret.

To *white*, and to *wite*, are used indifferently for to blame; thus, *you lean all the white off yourself*—meaning, you remove all the blame from yourself.

In Cheshire, the same word to *white* signifies to requite; as, God *white* you—meaning, God requite you.

In Lancashire, we hear the word *wog* applied to wall; but in other parts of the north it is understood for wool.

To be *worried*, to be choked. In the old Saxon, *warrian* signifies to destroy; hence, a dog *worries* sheep.

To *wonne*, to dwell, to frequent; thus, where *wonne* you! where dwell you?

In Derbyshire, we hear of the *yeander*, or *eender*, signifying the forenoon; *yoon*, is oven.

We must conclude with one more example—the word *yewd* or *yod*, went—*yewing*, going, which will be found in the *Fairy Queen*. In speaking of the great Jewish lawgiver, the poet says:

He that the blood-red billows like a wall  
On either side disparted with his rod,  
Till all his army dry-foot through them *yod*.

#### CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Report of the Commissioner of Patents shews the wonderful inventive genius of our people, and will, we are sure, be viewed with interest by the readers of the *American Courier*. That for 1852 is especially interesting. There were 2639 applications received for patents during the year, and 1020 patents issued. This is the largest number ever granted in one year, except during the first year of General Taylor's administration, when Commissioner Ewbank issued 1076. Doors and shutters have been patented that cannot be broken through with either pick or sledge-hammer. The burglar's occupation's gone. The caloric ship is described and commended at some length, but the report admits that 'its end is not yet fully attained.' A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself: the more he pulls the line, deeper goes the harpoon. An ice-making machine has been patented, which goes by a steam-engine. In an experimental trial it froze several bottles of ice of the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was standing at 80 degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months returned with 40,000 dollars. Another had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for 60,000 dollars. A third obtained a patent for a printers' ink, refused 50,000 dollars for it, and finally sold it for 60,000 dollars. Twenty-seven harvesters, fifteen ploughs, twenty-six seed-planters, eight thrashing-machines, ten corn-hullers, and three horse-rakes, have been patented during the year, in addition to those now in use. Six new saw-mills, seven shingle-splitters, and twenty new planing-machines have been patented within the year. Seven new machines that spin, twenty that weave, and seven that sew, are also described. Examiner Lane's report describes various new electrical inventions. Among these is an electric whaling-apparatus, by which the whale is literally 'shocked to death!' Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please. There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all around, with their heads up, and sticks them in paper in regular rows. Another goes through the whole process of cigar-making, taking in tobacco leaves, and turning out the perfect article. One machine cuts cheese, another scours knives and forks, another blacks boots, another rocks the cradle, and seven or eight take in washing and ironing. There are a number of guns patented that load themselves, a fish-line

that adjusts its own bait; and a rat-trap that throws away the rat, and then baits and sets itself, and stands in the corner for another! The truths of the Patent Office are stranger than fiction.—*American Courier*.

#### A QUIET THOUGHT, AFTER SUNSET.

REST—rest—four little letters, one brief word,  
Yet widening to infinitudes of bliss—  
Rest is upon the earth. The weary clouds  
Hang poised in the dun ether, motionless,  
Seeking nor sun nor dew. No restless star  
Thrills the sky's gray-robed breast with pulsing rays:  
The night's heart has throbbled out.

No grass-blade stirs—  
No downy-winged moth comes flitting by,  
Caught by the light. Thank God, there is no light—  
No open-eyed, loud-voiced, quick-motomed light—  
Nothing but gloom and rest!

The ghostly trees  
Along the hill-horizon, westward, stand  
All black and still—as 'twere lost angels met  
Before the amber gate of Paradise—  
The bright, shut gate, whose everlasting smile  
Deadens despair to calm.

O God! O God!  
Better than bliss is rest! If suddenly  
Those burnished doors of molten gold, steel-barred,  
Which the sun closed behind him as he went  
Into his bridal-chamber—were to burst  
Asunder with a clang, and in a breath  
Thy mysteries were revealed—*Thy kingdom came*;  
The multitudes of heavenly messengers  
Hasting throughout all space—the thunder-choir  
Of praise—the obedient lightnings' lambent gleam  
Around the unseen Throne—Should I not fall  
Crushed by the weight of such beatitudes,  
Crying: 'Rest, only rest, thou merciful God!  
Hide me beneath the hollow of thy hand  
In some dark corner of the universe—  
Thy bright, full, active universe, that blinds,  
Deafens, and racks, and tortures—Give but rest!'

O for a soul-sleep, long, and deep, and still!  
To lie down weary after the pale day,  
Dropping all pleasant flowers from the numbed hands,  
Saying 'Good-night' to all companions dear;  
Drawing the curtains of the darkened world;  
Closing the eyes, and with a patient smile  
Murmuring 'Our Father'—fall on sleep till dawn!

#### CURIOUS EFFECT OF 'EXPECTANT ATTENTION.'

A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotised by Mr Braid, and whilst she was in this state, he made passes over the right breast to call attention to it. In a few moments her gestures shewed that she dreamt that the baby was sucking, and in two minutes the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, when awake, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and to restore symmetry to her figure, Mr Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which she had a copious supply of milk for nine months. We are satisfied that, if applied with discrimination, the process will take rank as one of the most potent methods of treatment, and Mr Braid's recent Essay on Hypnotic Therapeutics seems to us to deserve the attentive consideration of the medical profession.—*Quarterly Review*, September 1853.

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